

Hammer Dance

Slaughterhouse

[Verse 1: Joell Ortiz]

My real name, my rap shit
No made up nigga, I'm straight up, nigga
Still in the projects where I came up, nigga
On a scaffold doing ten sets of ten, getting my weight up, nigga
I'm no shooter, but my shooters'll have your brain exposed
But I'll shoot five in a second, homie, and break your nose
Talking past, I'm dead ass, I was living
Life fast with my pistol in the grass
Digging in my ass tryna finish up the last
So I can sit it in a stash
Old E. sweat dripping from the bag
Milk crates sitting on the ave
While I'm looking left and right for the niggas with the badge
My mom's dishes really had crack on 'em
12 12s and I kept that shit packed for 'em, yeah they came back for 'em
I can paint it so vivid cause I really lived it
If rap fail, I stack bail, and show you how to get it!

[Hook: Royce da 5'9"]

I'm in the club, bottle in my hand doing my two step
While I got my gun in my pants, call it the hammer dance
Bitches dancing on a nigga when they feel the gun
I tell 'em we're doing the hammer dance
Two steppin' with my weapon on me
You good? I'm just checking, homie
Fam-a-lam, you don't stand a chance
While I got this gun in my pants doing my hammer dance

[Verse 2: Crooked I]

In these LA times, I wake up on one
House slippers and coffee, I know the paper gon' come
I drop shit that make the gangstas go dumb
Keep a bad bitch naked like my waist with no gun
I'm for real, how are you?
Got street power, from the Watts Towers to Howard U
How would you become me? I don't do what you cowards do
Flip a thousand pounds of that sour dies' in a hour, dude
I'm out my muh'fuckin' mind
Fuck a punchline, salute my muh'fuckin' grind
Ditching feds on the regular, they're trying to catch a predator
Not the Chris Hansen type, but the Danny Glover kind
I'm a killer, everybody know I body your audio
When a shotty blow, say goodbye to your barrio, you maricon
You don't think that I'm about this
Ice grill, nigga, put your money where your mouth is

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Joe Budden]

My real name, my rap shit
Fuck with Chase, but the real bank is the mattress
Money ain't new to me, been getting G-stacks
Since Smoove B took his shawty back from rehab
Knife work with me, but the chrome is extra
Case I'm in the same taxi as the bone collector
Y'all rappin' 'bout models, I get hounded by 'em

Not a killer at all, I'm just surrounded by 'em
Just a real nigga, straight from my mother's stomach
Ain't enough cloth for all of us to be cut from it
Not decided by who toast led
Cause all of us would be angels for Pujols' bread
Lot of hostility, hollering is killing me
Screaming "Over my dead body," like it's not a possibility
On my Jers' bullshit, never mind me
But if it's ever problems, niggas know where to find me

[Hook]